#### LEGEND OF THE WILD GEESE.

The legend of the wild geese runs back many years, even to the time when aborigines of the north country listened with incredulous ears to the stories about the natives of the south country. Had an unbroken prairie been the only barrier of distance it would have taken the fleetest horses of the plains many moons to go from the fur wearers of the north to the swamp dwellers far down on the gulflapped coast. But no horse short of a winged steed could have carried a messenger from nation to distant nation, for there were the densest forests, fever-breeding morasses and broad winding rivers deceiving the eye as to direction. The sun and the stars, to be sure, were unfailing guides, but the breadth of the south and north countries was so great, and the knowledge of exact locality so slight, that the far north and the far south tribes were to each other as geme buried in the sands of different rivers. There were intervening tribes, wandering and scattered-small nations that seldom came together in friendly powwew around some immense council fire; rather they were constantly at war, neglecting the fields of maize, and living, when not attired in the paint of battle days, on the spoil of the chase. Such nations were little given to the carrying of news, and when a story might have been relayed from nation to nation it was lost before it had been long gone from the teller of the story. Sometimes a ravaging disease decimated the tribes, scattering the war bundles of eagle feathers to the lodge

At one autumn time, far in the north country, the women began with early zeal to prepare the deer-hide thongs that were to fasten the flints for the winter's hunt. Patient, uncomplaining pappooses were bundled on the ground and little attention did they receive from their stoic mothers during this busy season. Caribou bones had to be scraped well and ground to the sharpness of hunting knives. There was a cold winter ahead, so indicated the signs in the skies from whence the fierce winds blew, and this foreboded many ills, for a famine had been known in the season just past. The chase was to furnish the tribes with subsistence for the coming winter. The scrapings from the skins of moose would make many a pot mess.

Gloosa, an idle son of the medicine man Chenoos, was tramping through the woods that ran by the little river. It was on this day of this autumn time the squaws were sharpening the caribou bones. Chenoos thought no more of his lazy son than he did of the oldest of his menial daughters, the daughter who had not been asked in all her life to sit in the wigwam of a young warrior. There were none in the tribe so the chase as Galoosa, and while he had slain one enemy in combat, yet in war he was always far away from the long dead-dress of the chief. The youth's father had no hope even that Galoosa would succeed him as the medicine man of the tribe when Chenoos should go the way all his fathers. Chenoos himself descended from the cannibal Chenoos of the north bay, but the day when the Chenoos were powerful as a tribe was so long ago that their history had merged into legend. Gloosa, as he wandered through the woods, thought of many things, and wondered at the stories he had heard. His father had told him of the Chenoos and their mysterious power which seemed to have departed with the breaking of the tribe; his mother, who had in her infancy been stolen from the south, repeated to him the strange stories of her land and of her nation. Towards the sky from whence the warm breezes blew were a people savage war, but generous and hospitable in Gloosa's mother had not come from the far south, but she had heard all she she spoke. There was Chickasaws who lived grounds overlooking the this nation was the medicine man's wife. She loved the son the father de-spised, and she wished the son was with the nation of her fathers. Gloosa dreamed of the lovely maidens whom his mother described, and at this autnmn time he could see their faces in the golden boughs of the forest trees; their forms seemed to be bending in the tall grasses of the river that ran near the village, and their voices were in tne tree tops when the winds blew from the the tree tops when the winds blew from the south. Nearing the village toward sunset, the medicine man's son fell in with a small party that had been down on the marshes after wild geese. Two men carried a pole from which hung by long necks a string of the migratory birds. Wrapped around the neck of one of the geese was a thong to which was fastened a shell, oddly engraven. A face was traced on the shell in faint outline, and from the mouth of the face were lines of drooping curves. This was a symbol whose meaning was not apparently unknown to the finders of the goose and shell. Such a variety of shell might be found in any of the rivers. Interpreted, the face meant that some one in a far away land was in love with an unknown ideal, and this was the fanciful way of making the love known. That is what Gloosa thought when he was shown the shell. The wild geese had come from the south early in the summer, and even now they were finding their way back, retreating from the precursors of the cold winds. Gloosa lay awake a long time that night, watching the stars through the top of his father's wigwam. The next morning he put on the new moccasins his mother had made him, stole down his bow and quiver, and went into the woods toward the south. No more was he known in the land of the Wiemacs.

point where a Spaniard and his small troop of soldiers first saw the expanse of swift waters many years afterward, lived a tribe of the Chickasaw nation. On the rich alluvial bottoms they raised small crops of maize. They fished with success in the spring, and in the winter hunted the otter and beaver for furs. One winter a strange malady brought a wasling in the villages, but in the autumn the medicine man's incantations had effect, or else the spirits of the air gave heed to the messages which the tribe sent aloft. Another winter passed, and when the buds began to appear on the willows, the chief was seized with the fatal malady that had prevailed over twelve moons before. The medicine man lost his power, and he, too, became ill unto death. Strong warriors fell prone to the ground at dusk, and were on their journey to the happy hunting New York Commercial Advertiser. grounds when the dew fell at early morning. The chief's daughter was a good spirit, as the tribe called her, for she brought water and food to the sick and watched them until they died. Her cheeks grew sunken and she faltered as she went from lodge to lodge, but her fortitude and patience did not desert her. The malady spared such a kindly creature. In her primitive philosophy she knew death was a foe to be battled; to surrender in despair meant cowardice forcign to the blood that flowed in her veins from the veins of her ancestors. The men of the tribe believed a demon had come up from the muddy river to scatter all this woe, and 'they counseled to propitiate this new unknown. One day they danced on the banks of the river and howled as a manifestation of their prayer for pity. The chief's daughter saw the dance from a little knoll. She had no great faith in the petition, yet when a canoe appeared out on the river just beyoud the swirling eddy that made onslaught on a projecting point she arose and shout-ed to the dancers. The noise of the skin to the Asiatic strain in the Muscovite blood. drums dropped to a faint rattle and then ceased altogether. The gaunt-cheeked prople looked on the craft as the bearer of Muscovite disposition. some messenger come to deliver them, and as it was swiftly borne nearer and nearer, occasionally losing itself in the mad churning the waters against the bluffs, again boldly riding on the current, one after another of the benighted natives threw himself on the ground in awe It

Below the bluffs on the broad river, at the

had been paddled past the villages where death held such undisputed sway, and the dancers failed to see that the stranger in the canoe was a mortal of their own mold, that his areas. that his craft was after the pattern of dug-outs sometimes found floating in the river with the drift of trees from the far north. Within a few tree lengths from the bluff where the villagers had gathered the stranger backed his canoe, and, with much curiosity looked on the strange sight of men bowing to him as if he were an idol or a god. He cautiously paddled toward the bank, and, seeing no signs of hostility, made bold to land, holding his arms at an angle in front of his body as he clambered up a ravine in the steep bank, to betoken his peaceful mission. The chief's daughter walked toward him with some trepidation, not unmixed with curiosity. He spoke in a tongue unfamiliar to her, though she could gather his meaning in a vague way. Perhaps the stranger had lost himself or had wandered from one of the tribes up

"Have you the power to cure? What brings you here? What can you do for my people?" asked the chief's daughter as she went to him, the warriors closing in behind her at a respectful distance. For a mo-ment Gloosa paused like a waking ma-gician trying to interpret the midnight sob of the pines. She drooped her hands down her hollow cheeks, and then let an arm sweep over toward her dejected followers. What Gloosa could not comprehend from her words he found in her face and saw in her gesticulations; he had entered the region of the scourge, of which he had been warned on his journey down the river.

In the old Indian character philanthropy In the old Indian character philanthropy was not always absent. Whether Gloosa's heart responded to the cry of humanity, or whether he was moved by impetuousness of youth, and Indian youth at that, to lend his healthy self to those strangers, it matters not. The fresh bloom had gone from the face of the chief's daughter; his love errantry found no end here; his visions of the lovely maidens of his ideals came only after the shadows fell deep in the forest and he was alone and asleep. Yet Gloosa gave heed to the appeal of Moom-tah, the chief's daughter, when she had found from his signs and from the few words that were his signs and from the few words that were common between the tribes of the north and tribes of the south that he nad a knowledge of the medicine man's art. He

knowledge of the medicine man's art. He would try his father's rites.

"What I know," said he in his own tongue, "may help drive the evil away. For who can tell much of the evil spirits?"

He pointed to the sky and then waved his arms. Moom-tah understood; the demons of the air must be driven away. The good spirits had sent Gloosa with his art to save the tribe. In this the chief's daughter implicitly had faith.

It was now the period of the year when

It was now the period of the year when the haze over the earth mellowed and cooled the rays of the sun, and at night the moon was weirdly flaming at early rising. In the day the brightness of the evergreens was tarnished, but the leaves of the other trees of the forest were of yellow and of red and of gold. At night huge fires were built, and around them the braves danced and yelled, while the women crooned in the outer circle, faintly swaying to and fro. The time for carrying the dead out to the trees was just before sunset, and those that died in the night laid in the tepees until the next morning, when they were huddled together until the sunset burial. The sick were generally left alone while the warriors danced under the blood-red moon. In the savage rites the well sought a quickener for the ill; no human power could stay the ravages, thought they—all was with the invisible beings of the air. What mattered it, then, that men strong in the hunt, now wasting away, wrapped their blankets about them and alone, but within the sounds of the wild dance at the fires, died? Yet this was many years ago, and should not seem

It was not long until the talk of Gloosa and Moom-tah was intelligible, of the our to the other. They found common words, and the young man from the North listened to a tongue that was not unlike that of his mother when he was very young. One day he beat his breast and shoutel in the old lodge of the medicine man which had been given him; then he fell on the ground and mumbled to himself, for this was part of the rites. That night it was very cool, and many of the sick lived until morning. Gloosa boasted of his power to Moom-tah and said he was a man of a race that had had wonderful powers in past generations. No doubt he believed that he was gifted with the power of which his father had boasted before him, and when the few succeeding days of cooled atmosphere brought a measure of relief, and many of the sick grew stronger, he said to himself that it was miraculous power inherited. self that it was miraculous power inherited from his forefathers that brought about the good. Gloosa might have become great with the people had not the sun burned more intensely scarcely ere six days had passed, and all the tribe was in despair

"The evil spirit laughs at him," shouted a warrior at one of the exhausting dances. "He knows no medicine," joined in an other. Loss of confidence is more contagious than the deadliest of fevers, and in a night the young man of the north was deposed, and Moom-tah's chief man, who assumed the guidance of the rites, declared that on the morrow an old medicine of the first epidemic should be tried again. Prayers for mercy and favors were to be sent up, in the strange tribal way, to the evil spirits. Gloosa lay down that night on the outside of Moom-tah's lodge, but he did not sleep, for he was weary at heart, and longed to be back with his own people. It was thus he thought:

"I have seen none of the beautiful maidens and all is desolation about I am deens, and all is desolation about. I am de-

pised by all save Moom-tah, but I do not love her. Her face has no bear ty. I must go further and find the lovely o e, who sent up the shells. She must be one of the maidens of whom my mother told me." As the saffron colors began to come in the sky in the east he dozed and had sweet dreams, that were broken before they were well woven. The lovely maidens were ap-pearing to him again, but a noise banished them. He arose and listened. The day was on, and the men were dancing, shouting and singing in their wild way. It was early for such ceremonies, and Gloosa hurried to the scene of the dance. Sagah, the selfinstalled medicine man, was in the center of a ring of the savages making strange gestures, unknown to the rites that Gloosa knew. Some of the men held geese, that had no doubt been caught in the morning. Gloosa crept close to the ring and watched Gloosa crept close to the ring and watched the ceremonies with much curiosity. He thought they were killing the birds by twisting their necks. No, it was not that. They were tying something to the geese and then releasing the long-necked creatures. Gloosa saw that they were putting shells on the birds. A flood of disappointment came upon him; his heart beat violently; all his hope was gone. His maidene lently; all his hope was gone. His maidens were dreams, too true.

A feeling of repulsion caused him to turn away, and as he moved Moom-tah was at his side. Could she tell him what the ceremony meant? It was, she said, an appeal to the spirits of the air. Did he not know that the wild geese held converse with these spirits? On each shell was a prayer to the mysterious ones.

Together the chief's daughter and the youth moved away, and at the edge of the

village Gloosa turned about. He spoke a few words to his companion. He told her he had been journeying towards a myth. The weight of grief rested too heavily upon him. Nearer and nearer they moved to the steep bluff of the river. Again they talked, but not long. but not long. The bodies of Moom-tah and Gloosa were found close together in the driftwood where

they had been swept and pinioned by the pitiless eddy. In the winter the plague abated, and the Indians in their legends wove a love tale around the death of the chief's daughter and the son of the medicine man from the North. Have you not heard in the autumn, at dusk, the wild geese crying to the evil spirits in the air, far overhead?

GAVIN LODGE PAYNE.

### Dana's Tribute to the Bible.

Mr. Dana's tribute in his talk to Union College men to the not inconsiderable merits of the Holy Scriptures comes along opportunely. There has been a feeling that something must be done to bolster up the claims of the book, and the blameless saint and sage of that pure irradiation, the Sun, has gone and done it. He was just the man to pronounce justification for the Bible and encourage the printers to strike off a few more copies. Our only regret is that Mr. Dana did not get beyond discussion of the literary merits of the book. It includes some simple injunctions for practical living that have been used with some success in the small towns.

### A Quorum That Chn't Be Used.

One thing that moves without a hitch in the Senate is that of ouorum-compelling. It is an amazing contention, and one that should shake the old world monarchies with laughter, that with power enough lodged in the Senate to compel a quorum, the quorum itself, when compelled, should be utterly powerless to act.

### Another View.

Americans who have had much to do with Russian immigrants, however, ascribe it to

### Another Ox Gored.

Boston Journal. It is rather amusing to note that some of sented to the Chicago Orphan Asylum a our contemporaries, which saw nothing but fund sufficient to orms in annual in-It is rather amusing to note that some of disinterested patriotism in filibustering against the "force bill," now denounce the same thing as the iniquitous contrivance of | shoes for all the inmates each year on the had been many a day since a strange canoe ' fanatical partisanship.

# THENEWYORKSTORE

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

### SPECIAL DEPARTMENT SALES COMMENCING MONDAY IN CLOAKS, DRESS GOODS SILKS, MILLINERY AND BLANKETS.

Cloak Department-Second Floor.

There's a throng of buyers in our Cloak Room every day. The whole stock is a pronounced success-perfect fit, stylish garments, well made and at a reasonable pricefour important conditions in making a purchase. Besides, look at the immensity of choice—by far the largest stock of Cloaks in the State. To-morrow we place on sale all the Winter Styles of Jackets, bought by our buyer when in New York recently -Jackets 34 to 40 inches long, tight-fitting, hip seams, in double and triple skirt effects-everything new and desirable, sufficient to please the most fastidious, at prices from \$10 to \$60, and every garment is worth more money -we could get more for any one of them, but would rather sell them at these close prices and sell them quickly.



A 40-inch Jacket, all colors, Worth collar, full skirt, trimmed with braid and edged with seal, for \$18.

A lovely Jacket, Worth collar, braided, hip seams, with entirely new sleeve, for \$23.50.

Another jaunty effect is a Brown Coat, hip seams, very large lapels, edged with pulled Coney and braided with narrow Mohair braid, for \$20.

All the new capes are made with low and sloping shoulders, and are circular in you. Here are a few:



A 22-inch English Seal Cape, Marten collar, edged with same, for \$20.

A 22-inch Monkey Cape, best quality, with Electric Seal collar, for \$25.

An English Seal Cape, 24 inches long, with extra cape, very full, for \$25.

Millinery-Second Floor.

Four hundred more stylish trimmed Hats go on sale Monday-perfect beauties, in six lots — \$2.29, \$3.25, \$3.75, \$4.25, \$4.75 and \$5.25.

We expect to sell at least half of these on Monday at such prices.



A new purchase of special French Pattern Hats and Bonnets, from \$6 to \$25. Sure to please you, or would you prefer to leave your order?

Tourist Hats.

shape. In all kinds of desir- of these Hats in black, navy, able furs they come from brown, cardinal, grey, white \$4.25 to \$175. We should and ecru, and now offer them cloths, 52 inches wide, for be delighted to show them to at 29c each—about one-third 75c a yard. the regular price.

The hum of business at the dress goods counter tells how our efforts are appreciated in providing the best possible goods and selling them at cut prices. And such a price range—from the stuffs at a small trifle of cost up to the rarest novelties. Some of the goods that go on sale tomorrow:

38-inch all-Wool Homespuns for 29e a yard.

All-Wool Illuminated Cheviots, regular 50c quality, for 39c a yard.

All-Wool Hop Sackings, 40 inches wide—a pretty, fine twisted fabric, more so than the regular Hop Sacking-in fifteen shades, for 49c a yard.

51-inch all-Wool Navy Blue Storm Serge, sold all around us for 75c, for 59c a yard

42-inch all-Wool hair line Stripes in Illuminated effects for 69c a yard.

The prettiest combinations in Black and White effects just in-perfectly lovely in design-and the prices are moderate.

Four grades of stylish pattern suits to be sold like this -\$7.50, \$9, \$10.50 and

A good chance to buy a novelty dress at everyday prices. 38-inch all-Wool Black

We made a special purchase | Cheviots now on sale at 39c a yard. All-Wool Black Broad-

Our new delivery of Astra-

khans for cloakings and trimmings just arrived.

Silks-Center Bargain Counter. Crepe de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

### Special Sale of Blankets

We can't wait for the weather to get cold with such a stock of Blankets; and look at the room they take up. So down goes the price and out go the blankets.

Good White Cotton Blankets, as good as many get 89c for, now 60c a pair.

75 pairs White Cotton Blankets for 75c a pair, ordinary dollar goods.

Good Big Scarlet Blankets, all wool, worth \$3.50, for \$2.48 a pair.

87 pairs all-Wool Grey Blankets, regular \$3 quality, for \$2.48 a pair.

Extra fine full-size White Blankets, all wool, for \$3.75 a pair; just as good as usual-

ly sold for \$5. Big strapping Blankets, all wool, extra quality, for \$4.98 a pair. Others get \$6.50 for the same sort.

All-Wool scarlet Blankets, extra super quality, full size, for \$5.25 a pair.

Three lots of soiled Blankets, no worse except for the want of a little soap and water, \$1.48, \$1.98 and \$2.48 a pair. That ought to sell

Read carefully the items and notice the prices. 12-quart Fancy Decorated

Chamber Pails for 23c each. A Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper, made by the Bissell

Sweeper Company, and warranted, for \$3. 14-ounce Cotton Mops, 14c,

A 50-pound Flour, Bin for

Heavy Tin Wash Basin, 7c. Next to nothing prices on fall bulbs:

Easter Lilies, two for 5c. Snowdrops, 10c a dozen Narcissus, 10c a dozen. Daffodils, 10e a dozen.

Other varieties at equally low prices. Combination White and Black dressed doll for 29c, well worth 50c. Thin-blown Tumblers, 60c a dozen. Any initial engraved free of charge by our own artist. Covered Glass Butter Dishes, Sc each. Acme Air-tight Butter Jars, only 35c each.

4-piece Sugar and Cream Set for 15c. Gold Band Decorated Bread and Butter Plates,

Cold Band Crimp Edge Ivory-finished Pink Plates for 25c. Carlsbad China Tea Plates for 13c.

## PETTIS DRY GOODS COMPANY

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Bank of England covers nearly three

President Garfield's farm at Mentor has The grenadiers got their name from their original weapon-the hand grenade. There are 51,000 breweries in the world, nearly 25,000 of them being in Germany. There are yet 1,000,000 acres of government land in Kansas open for settlement. In this country there are more women practicing medicine than any other pro-

The actual occupancy of Mars by a race superior to our own is said to be very

One hundred and fifty thousand Odd Fellows have died since the organization of the Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company

refuses to insure the lives of persons who The French army has big plows to throw up rifle pits quickly, and all the European armies have bullet-proof wagons for sharp

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are 1-1,000 of an inch in diameter. They are bored through sapphires, rubles and diamonds. Children in India have to learn the multi-

plication table up to 40 times 40, and this is further complicated by the introduction of fractional parts. Over the river Kishtuah, in India, is a single span of telegraph wire 6,000 feet long, and is stretched from the top of one

mountain to another. Among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, the favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile. The most destructive epidemic that has ever been was the "black death," which appeared in the fourteenth century, and is said to have destroyed 70,000,000 of people. In the Mexican exhibit at the world's fair the sombrero is seen in all its glory. It takes \$100 to buy one of comparatively plain

make, while a really ornate hat of this kind costs \$500. There are 133 public schools in Winnebago county, Illinois, and there is a United States flag flying over each. Winnebago county claims to be the first in the country to make this record.

Many years ago Mrs. Mansel Talcott precome of \$300, stipulating that the amount should be spent in the purchase of new shoes for all the inmates each year on the lin, 1795; Caisse d'Escompt of France, 1776; betticoat, are sewed the gored breadths of the skirt in bell form. Yoke and skirt are of Ireland, 1783; of St. Petersburg, 1786; of made of the same fabric, and the former with the Senate.

birth of her husband. This year 232 chil- 1 dren received new footwear on that date. The smallest republic in the world is Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides. The inhabitants consist of forty Europeans and five hundred black workmen employed by a French company. If long branches of the morning glory be

plucked at night, arranged in a bowl of water and set out in the open air, the buds will open at sunrise, and the dish makes a charming ornament for the breakfast In the Cascade mountains is the Great Sunken lake, the most deeply sunken lake in the world. It is 15 miles long and 41/4

face of the water, but the depth of the The longest reach of railway without a curve is that of the New Argentine Pacific railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes; for 211 miles it is without a curve, and has no cutting or embankment

miles wide. It is 2,000 feet down to the sur-

deeper than two or three feet. The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet, say the vegetarians. The lion is feroclous rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength or endurance, choose a vegetable

The number of foreign residents in Spain is small, numbering only about 25,000. The emigration from Spain has been in some years as high as 125,000. Four-fifths of the emigrants settle in Spanish America and the remainder in the Spanish African pos-

A lady, eighty years of age, who went to New London, Conn., from England in 1852, says she has never since been out of the town, nor even set foot on steam or sail-, boat, or railroad or electric car. That is a negative sort of a brag, but it is one that satisfies some minds. A Paris shop girl ordinarily begins at a salary of from \$5 to \$8 a month. Besides she invariably has a commission on her

sales, varying from 1/2 to 1 per cent., according to her success. Many receive as high as \$30 a month in salary and make much more in commissions. The Connecticut State building at the Chicago fair grounds has been sold to a resident of that city for \$3,000, and he expects to transfer it to another Chicago man who is a native of Connecticut, and

who intends to keep it in private grounds and make of it a museum with a collec-tion of curios and souvenirs of his State. The Bank of Venice was opened in 1157; France, 1803; the Imperial Bank of Germany, 1876. When there is a prospect of rain or wind

the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of

### FREAKS OF FASHION.

A great deal Irish point and antique laces are worn with materials of all sorts. Yellow and black is one of the most perfect combinations for brunettes, especially those with but little color.

Mink fur is more in vogue than ever this year, and many pretty effects are produced by arranging the furs in such a way as to form shaded brown stripes. Velvet ribbon as a trimming is coming into favor again, and dresses and wraps

trimmed with velvet ribbon two inches

wide are among the novelties. Wide watered-silk bows with large buckles of Irish diamonds in the center of the loops are used with good effect on autumn hats in plaque, sailor, Alpine and Gainsgorough

short, stout women if they become as generally fashionable as they were once. Tall, silm women will, however, score a distinct advantage by the mode. A novelty in the arrangement of sashes for children is shown in a dress in which the

Paniers are announced, and alas for the

sish is put in at the front of the sleeve seams. The sash is brought around under the arms and tied in a loose bow at the It is very fashionable to cut the back of

the bodice without a single seam, the seaming being done on the glove-fitting lining, but as this style tends greatly in appearance to shorten and broaden the figure, only women with long slender waists should select this style of bodice.

Sleeves are not only extremely ample, but also very long, so as to droop down doubled over themselves; some are twice the length of the plain lining. But all this fullness is arranged in soft draperles, so as not to increase the bulk of the figure to the extent of making it appear short. The new French yoke skirt is greatly liked by women inclined to stoutness, and modistes are using it in making up both narrow and very wide width dress goods. of Geneva, in 1345; of Genoa, 1407; of Some of the yokes reach far below the Amsterdam, 1607; of Hamburg, 1619; of hips, and to this yoks, which is in seamless circular shape, exactly like that on a French

is entirely concealed by an apron overskirt

Black lace collarettes are trimmed with narrow jet pendant fringe. Immense ruches in black and white lace, gauze, and net are used as necklets, and prettiest of all is the Duchess of York jabot made of handsome ecru Irish guipure lace, to be worn with any dressy day or evening toilet. Tulle grecpue is a new textile, plain or dotted, that appears prominently among ruches, boas and collarettes.

Ermine is used as yokes, collars and sleeve caps to costly opera cloaks of velvet, fur or dark velvet brocade lined with white satin. Cream white corded silk capes are lined with rose-colored brocaded satin and trimmed with fluffy white fur. These capes are lovely additions to an evening toflet for a ball, reception or opera, and if the fabrics are purchased and made by a competent dressmaker the cost is trifling compared with the price of the same wrap bought

For the tall women this winter are the fur-bordered Russian gowns, which appear in two styles, one with a belted Russian blouse, fur-edged, fur-girdled, and full-sleeved, a style with which we are familiar, but which is, nevertheless, a decided favorite. The second is the Romanoff Princesse form, and one model in this fashion is made of Muscovite bine cloth, shaggy of texture, opening over and revealing a skirt of dark Russian red cloth. The dress is bordered everywhere with Persian lamb, and a succession of jet loops fringe the overlapping edges. The sleeves open for a little way at the wrist, showing a glimpse of the vivid cloth. The charm of the gown is its gleaming girdle with a beautiful Niello clasp set with bright enamels that gleam like

Her One Objection.

Brooklyn Life. Mrs. Rapsard-Didn't you have a girl to take care of your dear little Fido? Mrs. Lingerly-Oh, yes. But I couldn't get her to stay. Mrs. Rapsard-What was the matter? Mrs. Lingerly-She didn't like it because

we kept a baby. A Point on Arithmetic.

Detroit Free Press. "Jeptha," asked Mrs. Jones, who was busy with pencil and paper, "can you tell me how many feet there are in an acre?"
"No," said Jones savagely, "but I can tell you how many achers there are in a feet."

Why the Country Suffers.

Minneapolis Tribune.